

GABBY HAYES

A Fawcett Publication

WESTERN


NOVEMBER
NO. 1

10¢

**NOW! FOR THE
FIRST TIME—
IN HIS
OWN MAGAZINE!**

THE MOST
GARRULOUS
GALLOP
EVER TO
STRADDLE
A SADDLE



A black and white photograph of a man with long, light-colored hair and a beard. He is wearing a plaid shirt and a dark vest. He is holding a large pot. A speech bubble is next to him.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN THE SOUP'S
NO GOOD? 'TAIN'T
SOUP, IT'S
DISHWATER!

GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Former Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

A Fawcett Publication

Editor
ROY ALD

APPROVED
READING

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GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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GABBY HAYES

... IN ...

GABBY PLAYS THE DUDE

STAMPEDE TO DOOM

BEHIND BARS

PUBLIC OUTLAW NO. 1

PLUS

A SPECIAL ADVENTURE FEATURE
THE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST
AND

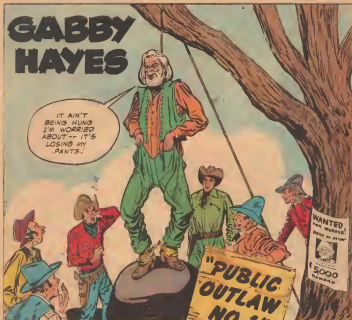
A "BUCK DESMOND" SHORT STORY

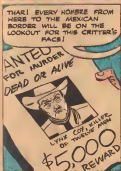
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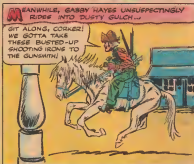
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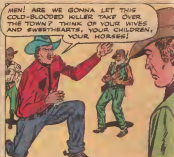
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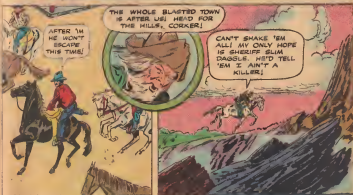














RECKON I BETTER PREPARE
TO BE HANGED! THAT
MEAN-FACED CUSS IS
STIRRING UP THE OTHERS!



MY BELT IS THICK,
STIFF LEATHER.
OUGHTA GIVE MY
NECK SOME
PROTECTION!



MY NECKERCHIEF WILL
COVER THE BELT...
SURE HOPE SLIM GETS
THAT NOTE! I AIN'T
SURE THIS STUNT WILL
WORK.



LYNX COY FINALLY STIRS THE MEN INTO A CHARGE!

GIT HIM ALIVE!
WE'LL HAVE A
HANGING PARTY!



HERE
THEY
COME!



DAD-BLAME IT! FORGOT
WHAR MY BELT IS!

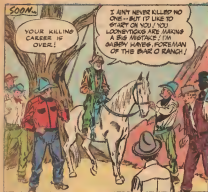


WE
GOT
'IM!

PLOP!

ULP!







Quiz..

1. STEAM IS
COLORLESS.
- ☐ True ☐ False



3. THERE
ARE NO
ICE ISLOOS
IN ALASKA.
- ☐ True ☐ False



HERE'S A SURE FIRE WAY TO TEST YOUR
1. 0 SCORE YOURSELF... 5 CORRECT,
EXCELLENT. 4 CORRECT, GOOD. 3 CORRECT,
FAIR. 2 CORRECT, POOR...



2. A 140 POUND MAN
HAS ENOUGH
PHOSPHORUS IN
HIM TO MAKE
2100 MATCHES.
- ☐ True ☐ False

4. ABRAHAM LINCOLN
SAID, "THESE ARE
THE TIMES THAT
TRY MEN'S SOULS."
- ☐ True ☐ False



5. CHECKERS
USED TO BE
CALLED "WOM-
EN'S CHECKS."
- ☐ True ☐ False

1. TRUE. 2. TRUE. 3. TRUE.
4. FALSE. 5. FALSE.
6. FALSE.



Ricky Rover Finds A Pal

A "Buck Desmond" Story

By DICK KRAUS

BUCK DESMOND LIKED most people. And they usually liked him—just because he was an easy-going, soft-spoken cow waddy, with a joke for every youngster, and a crumbling lump of sugar for every horse.

Buck was a born drifter. Wearing a battered gray Stetson, and a weatherbeaten blue Levi jacket, he rambled from town to town, leading a string of cow ponies. The string never looked the same from one week to the next . . . because Buck could never refuse a good trade. Cowhands used to say that if Buck Desmond ever married, he'd probably trade his wife for a good-looking pinto pony. Chances are they'd have been right!

YES, BUCK USUALLY liked most people.

But now, as he rode into the little town of Prairie Wells, he saw a man that he decided he did not like. A big man, red-faced, with the brawny, knotted arm of a blacksmith—standing by a horse trough, cuffing a small boy. Buck Desmond reined in his pony and watched for a moment. The boy was beginning to cry, but still the big man held him and continued to hit him with short, mean, punishing blows.

Slowly, Buck Desmond dismounted. He walked over to the man and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Let go of that kid," he said, "or I'll break yore arm for yuh!"

The big man turned around ponderously. Tiny eyes gleamed angrily in his red, swollen face, and his jaws were unshaven. He looked Buck up and down—and evidently saw nothing to worry him.

"Where I come from, 'Mister," he said heavily, "we mind our own business. Savvy?"

Buck Desmond nodded, and tipped his gray Stetson back. "I savvy," he repeated. "An' where I come from, big men don't beat up little kids! Touch him ag'in, and I'll show yuh why!"

With an angry curse, the big man moved into action. Surprisingly quick, he swung a hard right that slammed with mule-kick impact against Buck's jaw. His left followed, driving the wind out of the drifter's

chest, and teetering him backward on rubbery-weak legs. Buck's back slammed against the horse-trough. Recovering himself, he ducked a roundhouse right from the big man, and thudded a right to his stomach.

The other man blinked a little, and charged back in, his fists flailing like pistons. But now Buck was ready for him. Again he avoided the oncoming blows—and smashed a hard fight-and-left combination that stopped the giant in his tracks. Now Buck lunged forward. A powerful left to the heart, and a stunning right punch that jarred the big man's jaw and slumped him to the dusty roadway.

Buck looked down at him contemptuously, as he lay there, gasping for breath, his little eyes blinking. Then Buck turned to the boy who had stood by during the fight. He put his lean, bronzed hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Kid," he asked, "what's yore name?"

"Rick," the boy replied. "Rick Rover."

Buck grinned. "Good enough! I don't think yore old man will be beatin' yuh up ag'in, for quite a while. Mebbe he's learned a lesson for hisself!" Gracefully, Buck swung into his saddle, and waved his hand at the boy. "So long, Ricky." His spurs touched the pony's sides gently. "An' good luck!"

BUCK NEVER EXPECTED to see either the boy or the man again. But that night, as he camped in a dry river bed, some twenty miles from Prairie Wells, he was due for a surprise. For there, standing in the pale glow of the firelight, was a small, hesitant form . . . the boy of the afternoon. He was clutching the rein of a dusty, shaggy pony.

"Well, I'll be hornsw—" Buck exclaimed. "Come here, son!"

The boy came forward, right up to the fire. "I—I follered you," he said. "All the way from town . . . on my pony. I reckoned you'd stop an' camp about here."

Buck Desmond's brow knitted.

"But you can't do that, boy. You can't run away from yore dad like that . . . even if he As been beatin' yuh up."

"He ain't my dad," Ricky said. "I'm an

orphan. His name's Floyd Barlow. He's been takin' care of me—takin' me along with him. But he ain't my dad!"

"I see . . ." Buck frowned. "But still, yuh can't run away from him like that. Tomorrow, jest as soon as it turns light—yuh have tuh go back tuh him! That's th' only right thing tuh do!"

Suddenly, one of the horses in Buck's remuda whinnied shrilly. Buck turned, eyes straining into the night. There, coming along the trail, he could make out the dark shape of a rider. Was it the boy's foster-father—Floyd Barlow? No! It was several riders—and one of them wore the gleaming silver badge of a lawman. They rode right up to the edge of the fire, and the gray-haired man in the lead nodded down at Buck.

"Evenin'," he said. "Sorry tuh disturh yuh."

"That's all right, Sheriff," Buck said. "Cen I help yuh?"

The rider inclined his head. "I hope yuh cen. I'm Sheriff Newton, from Prairie Wells. I'm lookin' for a feller rode through there this afternoon. Folks recognized him from a poster in the Post Office. He's wanted back in Kansas for a stage coach robbery an' murder, couple o' years ago."

"What's he look like?" Buck asked.

"Big, red-faced feller. Little eyes. Goes under name of Ferd Bevens—or sometimes Floyd Barlow. Have yuh seen him?"

Buck Desmond shook his head.

"Sorry, Sheriff. I saw him in town this afternoon—but not since then." He looked over at Ricky, crouching silently by the fire. "I'm afraid neither of us can help yuh."

"All right, then," the Sheriff said. "If you do see or hear about him, notify us. We'll push on now." He reined his horse away, and in another moment, the posse had disappeared in the night.

Buck turned to the boy. "Ricky, did yuh hear that?" Barlow's wanted for murder! Did yuh know it?"

The boy shook his head. "No—I didn't! But I knew he was worried about somethin'. He never wanted tuh heed East—or even tuh ride through town. That why he beat me up this afternoon . . . 'cause I rode intuh Prairie Wells—"

"THAT'S RIGHT, RICKY!" a harsh voice grated, from outside the ring of firelight. "Yuh deserved it. But now, I'm achin' tuh git a crack et yore buddy—th' feller who can't mind his own business."

Slowly, into the light, stepped big Floyd Barlow.

He was holding a Colt .45, the muzzle leveled at Buck Desmond's chest. His eyes glittered, pig-like, with ill-concealed triumph.

"I didn't know where yuh was heedin', when yuh took th' pony this afternoon, Ricky," Barlow said. "But I follered yuh . . . an' I'm glad I did. Because it kep' them posse fellers from grabbin' me . . . an' it's goin' tuh give me a chance tuh git away."

He nodded at the grazing ponies of Buck's string.

"I'm taking three of yore featest hosses," he said. "An' I'm heedin' north, with th' boy. But there won't be any fuss this time . . ." He raised the revolver slightly, and his finger tightened perceptibly on the trigger. "Because, stranger, I'm patten' yuh out of th' way for good!"

"No! No!" Ricky screamed. "Floyd, yuh wouldn't!"

That momentary interruption was all Buck Desmond needed.

His cowboy boot dug deep into the sods and sent a glowing spray of them toward the big man. As Barlow recoiled, throwing his hand up to his face, to protect himself, Buck hurtled forward.

He drove a vicious punch to the outlaw's chest. Barlow grunted, and smashed down hard with his gun butt, ripping pain through Buck's skull. Now he grinned, leaped backward, and leveled the gun again. "Take it—!" he snarled. But Buck Desmond lunged forward again, under the revolver's sharp challenge. He pinioned the criminal with steel-like arms around the knees, and felled him like a huge tree.

Moments later, Buck had twisted his way up, and was pounding relentless blows to Barlow's jaw. A right! A left! A final right—and the big man segged . . . unconscious. A little dribble of saliva stained his unshaven cheek.

BUCK ROSE TO HIS feet, fists clenching and unclenching. He threw a tired arm around Ricky's shoulder.

"All right, son," he said. "Git on yore pony, and ride after th' sheriff. Tell him we've got his man for him. And then come back hyar with him. I want tuh see whether—whether yuh might like tuh hook up with a new pardner."

The boy turned shining eyes up to Buck. "Yuh mean—with you?"

Buck grinned. "Go on, son. Git th' sheriff!"

THE END

GABBY HAYES

...IN... BEHIND BARS

HOGWASH! GIT ME
SOME EATABLE VITTLES!
LONG AS I'M A PRISONER
HERE, THIS HOOGESOW'S
GOTTA BE RUN
MY WAY!

Y-YES, MR. HAYES!
ANYTHING YOU
SAY, SIR!

HESTER HUST HAS JUST ARRIVED AT THE
BAR O RANCH FROM THE EAST....

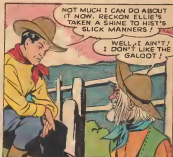
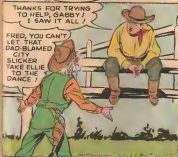
MY! A REAL GENTLEMAN!
AND YOU KNOW ALL
MY FRIENDS
BACK EAST?

YES, INDEED,
CHARMING LADY!
AND I HOPE
TO BE YOUR
GUEST FOR A
FEW DAYS!

YOU MUST MEET MY
NIECE, ELLIE HEMPSTEAD.
SHE OWNS THE
BAR O RANCH!

HMMM...
RICH AND
PRETTY, TOO!
BETTER
THAN I
HOPED FOR!









HUNTING DOGS HAVE NOTHING ON CORKER!

ATTA HOSS,
CORKER! 'PEARS
WE'RE HEADING
BACK TO THE
RANCH!

SNIFF!
SNIFF!

CORKER'S UNERRING NOSE LEADS TO THE GUILTY PAIR...

I'LL BE
HORNSWOGGLED!
I SHOULD'A
KNOWN!

HAND
BACK THE
PAYROLL, YOU
ORNERY
CROOK!

BEG
PARDON?
YOU MUST
BE INSANE,
MY GOOD
FELLOW!

AFTER ALL, I WAS
ONE OF THE VICTIMS
PRESENT AT THE
ROBBERY!

OF COURSE! YOU
COULDN'T BE THE
BANDIT!
IMPOSSIBLE!

THE REAL
BANDIT LOST
THIS SPUR.
RECOGNIZE
IT?

IT...
IT'S
GABBY'S!

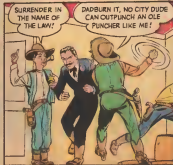
YOU! YOU DID IT!
I SUSPECTED...
BUT I WOULDN'T
LET MYSELF
BELIEVE IT!

COURSE
I TOOK
THE
MONEY...
BUT I
AIN'T THE
CROOK!
NEVER STOLE
A PENNY IN
MY LIFE!

(SOB) AFTER
ALL I'VE DONE
FOR YOU! (SOB)
YOU MUST STOP
THIS LIFE OF
CRIME AT
ONCE!

AW,
HESTER!





THERE! THAT'LL PUT THE
GABBY HAYES' BRAND
ON YOU!

SOC!

I HOPE ELLIE DON'T MIND MY
BUSTING HER ESCORT'S JAW!

WHAM!

SOON ---
GIT ALONG,
VARMINTS!

SORRY, MISS
HESTER, CAN'T
TAKE YOU TO
THE DANCE
WITH THIS
SHINER!

FRED'S GOING
TO TAKE ME,
AUNT HESTER!

WHAT!?
AND LEAVE
ME HERE
ALL ALONE?

I FORBID
IT! IF I
CAN'T GO,
YOU CAN'T
GO!

DOGGONE
IT! FRED 'N'
ELLIE GOT THEIR
HEARTS SET ON IT!
I CAN'T LET THIS
OLD BATTLE-AXE
STOP 'EM!

I'LL MAKE
THE SOO-PREME
SACRIFICE!

HESTER, LET'S YOU
'N' ME GO TO THE
SHEBANG! PROVIDED
YOU LET ELLIE GO
WITH FRED!

WHY,
GABBY!
I'D LOVE
TO!

THAT NIGHT AT THE DANCE ---

HAVING A GOOD
TIME, GABBY?

FRED 'N' ELLIE
ARE, BUT IF HETTIE
STOMPS HER BIG FEET
ON ME ONCE MORE, I'M
GOING TO HIDE IN YOUR
DAD-BLAMED JAIL!

GABBY HAYES *in* STAMPEDE TO DOOM

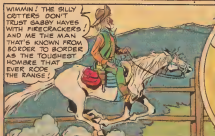
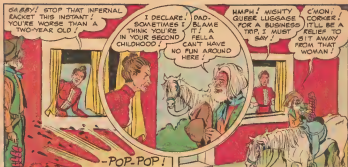


BEING FOREMAN OF THE BAKO RANCH ISN'T
CHILD'S PLAY, HOWEVER ---



HEE, HEE!
THEM CRACKERS
ARE REAL DING-
BUSTERS!

POPPITY-
POP-POP-
POP!



ONLY CATCH IS HIS ASSISTANT, FRED LARSON. IF LARSON CATCHES WISE I MAY NEED HELP. GIT ME?



WE'LL BE WAININ', SIMMONS. GIVE THE SIGNAL AND WE'LL COME A-RUNNIN'!



SOON---

IT'S A BARSAIN, HAYES, YOU GET THE WHOLE 2000 HEAD--- AT HALF PRICE! BETTER SIGN THE CONTRACT PRONTO. I MIGHT CHANGE MY MIND!



QUICK! GIVE ME THAT CONTRACT! YUH MUST BE GETTIN' SOFT IN THE HEAD, SIMMONS!

WAIT, GABBY!



NEVER WAIT, FRED! STRIKE WHILE THE IRON'S HOT! WHEN YUH LEARN THAT YOU'LL BE AS SMART AS ME!

PLEASE, GABBY! LET ME LOOK AT THE CATTLE FIRST!



HURRY UP, HAYES. I'M A BUSY MAN!

I'LL HUMOR THE LAD. WON'T TAKE BUT A MINUTE. IT'LL LEARN IN THAT I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



FRED MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

HOOF-AND-MOUTH DISEASE! THESE CATTLE ARE WORSE THAN USELESS---THEY'RE A MENACE TO THE WHOLE RANGE COUNTRY!





FRED AND GABBY FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE---

TRUSS UP THE OLD CATAMOUNT!



WHACK!

LOOKIT THE CANNON THE OLD COODSER CARRIES!

I SHOULD'A USED IT! WOULD'A BLASTED YOU SKEWINDERS TO BITS!



LET'S SEE IF IT WORKS!

CAREFUL, IDIT! IT TAKES A REAL MAN TO FIRE MY SIX-GUN!



HEE-HEE! I'VE STARTED TORNADOES JUST BY SHOOTING THAT GUN!

GABBY! LOOK AT THE HERD!



THAT EXPLOSION SCARED 'EM! IT'S A STAMPEDE!



WE GOTTA STOP 'EM!
KEEP AN EYE ON THE
PRISONERS, IKE!



THEY'LL NEVER STOP
THE STAMPEDE IN TIME!
IF EVEN ONE STEER
ESCAPES AND MINGLES
WITH OTHER HERDS
THE DISEASE WILL
SPREAD!



WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING, CORKER!
GABBY! OTHERWISE
THE WHOLE CATTLE
INDUSTRY WILL
GO BUST!



GABBY'S TALENTED HORSE CHEWS THROUGH
THE BONDS ---



TRICK HOSS,
HEY! IT WON'T
HELP!

A FEW BULLETS WILL WEIGH
YOU DOWN SO YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE!



ATTAHOSS,
CORKER!
COULDN'T
DONE BETTER
MYSELF!

OOF!



HURRY,
GABBY! HURRY!
I JUST THOUGHT OF
SOMETHING THAT MAY
STOP THE HERD!

FEED AND GABBY RACE AFTER THE STAMPEDING HERD....

WE'RE CATCHING UP TO 'EM--- BUT THAT DON'T STOP 'EM!

MAKE 'EM SWERVE TO THE WEST!

WE GOTTA HEAD 'EM OVER THE CLIFF! THEY'LL PLUNGE A THOUSAND FEET INTO ROCK CANYON!

SIMMONS! STEER THE HERD INTO ROCK CANYON!

I DON'T LIKE MEDDLERS, HAYES. THIS IS MY AFFAIR!

I SHOULD'VE DONE THIS BEFORE!

DRAST IT! DAD-BLAMED GUN ALWAYS STICKS!

OW!

I'LL FINISH THE JOB, LATER, SIMMONS! RIGHT NOW WE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!

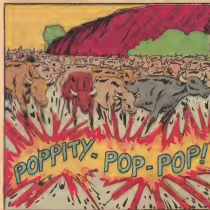
TRY TO SCARE 'EM OFF, GABBY!

BOOM!

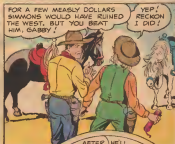
BOOM!

IT'S NO USE! THEY KEEP A-COMIN'!

BOOM!



IN A MAD, AWESOME PLUNGE THE DOOMED HERD CASCADES INTO THE CANYON!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN



PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE

A KNOCK OUT!



MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST!

IN
THE
TESTS

WHEN YOUR FATHERS DIED OF HUNGER IN THE WILDERNESS, MANY MOONS AGO, WE FOUND YOU AS BABIES AND RAISED YOU AS OUR OWN TRIBAL BROTHERS. BUT NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO PROVE YOU ARE REALLY MEN — TRUE WARRIORS!

YES, CHIEF! OVER, WE HAVE WAITED FOR THIS DAY WHEN WE CAN PROVE OUR RIGHT TO GO FORTH INTO THE WORLD AS MEN. WE ARE READY!

AT THE CAMP OF ONE OF THE TETON-DAKOTA TRIBES, A STORY THAT BEGAN MANY YEARS BEFORE IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE AS THREE YOUNG WHITES STAND BEFORE THE HOUN CHIEF!

YOU EACH MAY CHOOSE ONE THING IN WHICH YOU CAN DISPLAY YOUR SKILL. HAVE YOU CHOSEN?

YES, CHIEF, I, MARK, WILL STAND UPON MY MARKSMANSHIP!

AND I, BUCK, WILL USE MY SPEED TO OUTWRESTLE THE CHAMPION WRESTLER!

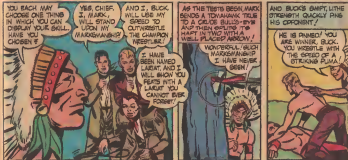
I HAVE BEEN NAMED LACIAT, AND I WILL SHOW YOU FEATS WITH A LACIAT YOU CANNOT EVER FORGET!

AS THE TESTS BEGIN, MARK SENDS A TONKAWANK TRIBE TO A CHIEF BULLS-EYE AND THEN BRINGS IT BACK IN TWO WITH A WELL PLACED ARROW!

WONDERFUL! SUCH MARKSMANSHIP I HAVE NEVER SEEN!

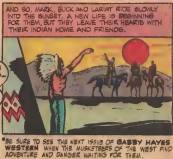
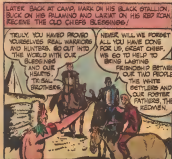
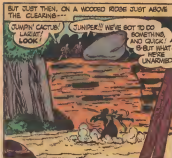
AND BUCK'S SMIFT, LIKE STRENGTH QUICKLY PINS HIS OPPONENT!

HE IS PUNED! YOU ARE WINNER, BUCK. YOU WRESTLE WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING PUMA!

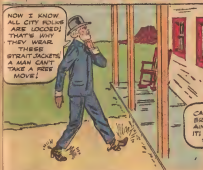
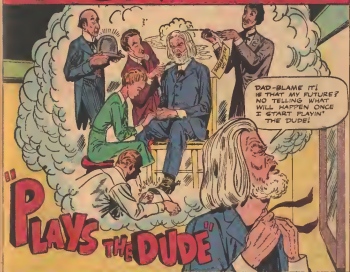


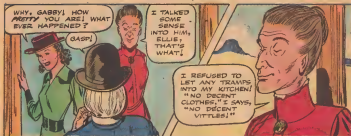




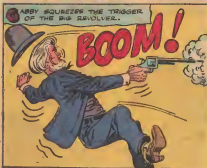
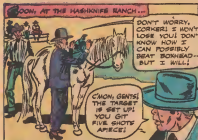


GABBY HAYES

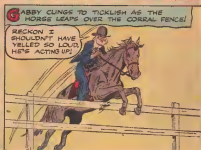


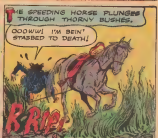
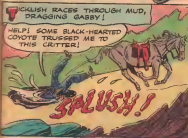
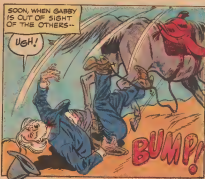












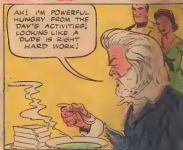


BOXHEAD AFFLIXE PRESSURE BUT HIS HANDS KEEP SLIPPING OFF GABBY!


I'M SO STUDD'D WITH THORNS I FEEL LIKE A PORCUPINE! A MITE MORE PRESSURE WILL DRIVE 'EM THROUGH BOXHEAD'S SHIRT!

C'MON, BOXHEAD! (OOF!) YOU CAN SQUEEZE HARDER'N THAT! (OOF!)









NO, SON! I DIDN'T HAVE
TO KNOCK HIM OUT! HE
WAS SUCH A SKUNK,
HE PLUMB PASSED
OUT FROM HIS
OWN ODOR!